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LONDON OFFICE-32 COCKSPUR ST., TRAPALGAR

FREE MESSENGER SERVICE,

TELEGRAPH COMPANY IS AUTHORIZED TO ACCEPT "WANTS" FOR THE WORLD

Every Mutual District Call Box can be used for this purpose and NO CHARGE will be made FOR MESSENGER SERVICE.

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Mutual District Messenger Co.'s Offices. 202 5th ave. 397 5th ave. 812 6th ave. 988 6th ave. 763 Madison 985 Madison

THE APRIL RECORD.

ter ter

The Number of "WORLDS" Printed During the Month of April, 1889, Was

TEN MILLION FIVE HUNDRED AND SEVEN THOUSAND SIX HUNDRED AND EIGHTY.

> THE DAILY AVERAGE WAS 350,256,

Exceeding the Combined Circulation of Any Two Other American Newspapels.

CIRCULATION BOOKS OPEN TO ALL

MR. GERRY'S AGENTS.

One of the results of the futile attempts of Mr. GERRY's Society to rob Mrs. GRAHAM of the custody of her child was to show up the kind of agents employed by the Society. What a travesty upon the objects of the Society such a coarse, profane fellow as Agent Bunt swno in!

Is the corps of child savers made up of such Is the conversation heard by the children saved from wicked parents of a piece with that used by BURLANDO in his interview with THE EVENING-WORLD reporter? Is it to such hands tender children are con-

If Mr. GERRY has any regard for the reputation of his Society he will overhaul his corps of agents at once, and dismiss all those who are unfit for their duty.

A humane society need to have agents with humane instincts.

CRIMINALS WITHOUT MONEY.

Yesterday the record was broken in the matter of railroading criminals. In nine hours from the time the crime was committed two thieves were sent to prison. That substantial justice was done them there appears to be no doubt, but the swiftness with which their cases were despatched cannot but attract attention

How and why was such celerity attained? The answer is very simple. These petty criminals were without money, and consequently without counsel.

THE EVENING WORLD has no particular fault to find with the rapidity with which McCarrey and Cunningham were sent to prison, but it does wish that there was not such a marked difference in the gait of Justice when dealing with a moneyed scoundrel and a penniless rascal.

ABOLISHING OFFICES.

Commissioner of Public Works Gilnor has found a new way to get rid of an official whose presence is distasteful. He abolishes the office.

Now, if the office stays abolished after the man is thus disposed of no one will find fault, because there are numberless sinecures in the city government that could well be abolished.

There are hundreds of men on the city payrolls whose only duty is to consume taxes. Let Mr. Gilbor abolish all sinecures in his Department, and let them stay abolished.

SHE WANTS HER REWARD.

Mrs. J. ELLEN FOSTER, the noted temperance worker, was very bitter in her hostility to the Prohibitionists in the campaign of 1888. She was at war with her sisters of the W. C. T. U., because they would not espouse the cause of Harrison. Over the country she raced with ribbons flying, and the welkin rang with her impassioned pleas

to save the country from ruin via the HARRI-

on route. The battle-being won, this lady now trots out her husband as a candidate for Hogister of the Treasury. She wants nothing herself, generous soul! but her husband is a good

We believe WARNER MILLER also played the temperance racket. He might give Mrs. FOSTER a few points.

Judging from the letters received, everybody seems to like the idea of having a Corps of Evening Would Physicians for the sick babies of the tenements this Summer. It shall be done.

WORLDLINGS.

One of the handsomest men seen on the streets of Washington is Surgeon-General Hamilton. He is rather short of stature. His hair is jet black, but his complexion is clear and rosy.

The five articles that Gen. Grant contributed to the North American Review while it was un-der the charge of the late Allen Thorndike Rice, were paid for at the rate of 50 cents a word.

The wife of George B. Loring, the new Minister to Portugal, is a lineal descendant of Gen. Israel Putnam, of Revolutionary fame.

The English locomotive Dreadnaught, that has been on trial for several weeks on the Pennsylvania Railroad, has been pronounced a failure for American roads. It proved to be too slow in getting started, was unable to haul s heavy train and got around curves with great difficulty.

MISS MINNIE PALMER.

Miss Minnie Palmer preceded the time-honored performance of "My Sweetheart," at the Fifth Avenue Theatre last night with a dainty little sketch called "The Ring and the Keeper," in which she showed very unmistakeably that she is capable of higher things than any she has been permitted to attempt as yet. In this sketch Miss Palmer does some really admira-ble work, which will stand upon its own merits without any John-R.-Rogers-ism in the shape of bewildering advertisement.

Miss Palmer has improved very decidedly. She has lost much of the self-consciousness that marred her early performances, and the pertness of her manner never degenerates into vul-garity, as it did formerly. Miss Palmer sings prettily, and dances delightfully; in fact, she is very nearly as successful in managing the train f her dress as is Miss Rosina Vokes.

"My Sweetheart" is an incomprehensible sort of a thing. For the life of me I cannot see why it should have met with success. It is inconsequential, utterly irrelevant and full of bathos. But I like Miss Palmer's personality. In a bill such as that presented by Miss Vokes I think Miss Minnie would be "simply great," as the members of her profession would say. She could not jump into this kind of thing tomorrow. She would need just a 'ittle study and rehearsal, and Mr. John R. Rogers, her manager and husband, would require considerable training.

He would have to give up the idea of making a walking jeweller's shop of his charming little wife. Miss Minnie is too winsome to be constituted a peg on which to hang a vulgar display of diamonds, which appeal to none but the unedu-cated and the unrefined. There are various other things Mr. Rogers would be obliged to do, but he could, and, I am sure, would do them all. Then Miss Palmer could shelve "My Sweetheart" and take her place in the ranks of legitimate American comediennes, where, I am convinced, she ought to be.

Why New York Is Dull.

Marshall P. Wilder tells a story about a young man whose father left him a large fortune re-cently. The young swell had just returned from London, where he had met the humorist. "Well, how do you find New York again?

"Beastly dull, don't you know," replied the Anglomaniae. "One meets so many Americans, don't you know!"

The Food Question.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Every now and then some one starts in to benefit the dear public by some special legislation. Just now it is the food question which is used as the club. Some one in the interest of the dear public is trying to keep Chicago dressed beef out of New York. The same thing was successfully done in Minneapolis with the result that a bill is now in shape to be driven through the Illinois Legislature to prohibit any flour being sold in Illinois unless it is made from wheat that is inspected by Illinois inspectors. Some one else in the interest of the dear public had bill at Albany to benefit said dear public by compelling manufacturers of refined lard, which always contains cotton-seed oil and other substances to take out the piggy flavor of the hogy lard as now made by the bakers, to brand upon it the percentage of its contents. Now, in retalistion, it is proposed that the farmer shall be compelled to mark on all his packages their sact weight, both gross and tare; that the butcher be compelled to give only a certain proportion of fat and bone in his beef, and so on. The exporter, the importer, the farmer, the manufacturer are made the subject of these attacks; but it is generally the consumer over whose body the fighting is done. It was said during the late Rebellion that it was "a rich man's war and a poor man's fight, "and here the case seems to be parallel. public is trying to keep Chicago dressed beet

She Was Ton Good.

[From the Youth's Companion.] "Why don't you walk home from school with Minnie Spring t" a mother one day asked her

little daughter. "I never see you together." 'No'm, we're not together very much," said

No in, we're not ogener very much," said the little girl demurely.

'You are in the same classes, aren't you?"

'Yes'm."

'And you live in the same street. It must be that you don't think her a nice little girl."

'Mamma," burst forth the child with a gush of confidence, 'she is so good that sometimes I almost hate her."

Valuable Words.

[From the Paris Figure.] The wife of a telegraph operator having treated her husband to an interminable scene of reproaches and complaints, during which he has remained absolutely quiet, asks him, infuriated

at his silence:
"Well, sir, what have you to say in answer?"
And he, after a moment's reflection: "Just
this—that if I had had to telegraph all that to
Bordeaux the message would have cost you 426
france and 60 centimes."

How His Life Was Saved. JERSEY CITY, Oct. 9, 1887.

Mn. RIKER DEAR SIR: I wish to thank you for the great good have received from taking your Compound Sansapa RILLA. I can honoutly say that (indirectly) it has naved MY LIFE, for had it not been for that I feel sure that could not have continued to earn a living for myself and family. I had been suffering for over five years with carrible pains in the head, which at times almost drove me crazy. For eighteen months I suffered all the horrors of malaria, being contined to bed for weeks at a time; I could getsee cure, doctor after doctor tried in vain; quinie was inseless; I got worse and worse; my wain; quinie was inseless; I got worse and worse; my which would not head of the property of th tarrible pains in the head, which at times alm

work since. I've worse felt better. Yours gratefully and in health, Yours gratefully and in health, No. 209 7th st. Jersey City. **

They Express Their Humor in Pen and Pencil.

Illustrated Third Instalment in the Joke Contest.

Hundreds of Competitors Enter the Latest Tournament.

CONDITIONS OF THE CONTEST.

The usual prize-a gold double eagle-is hereby fered for the best coriginal Ulustrated loke Watt McDougall, THE WORLD's cartoonist, will be the judge. The Ulustrated jokes may touch on any topic. The line between a Junny cartoo and an illustrated joke is sometimes so indistinct that both will be admitted in the competition. The judge in making his decision will consider all points, the humor of the text and of the picture, and also the execution of the latter. All drawings must be in outline with pen and ink, and about four inches square. All competitors in this contest must address their communica-tions to Editor Hustrated Joke Contest, Tax EVENING WORLD, New York.

He Forgot a Leading Dainty.



Chinese class examination: Examiner Q.—Ah Foo, I want you to name hres of the principal products of China.

Ah Foo—Tlea and cloffee and—and— Examiner—One more. Come now—(meaning opium). You ought to know that product of which you Chinese are so fond. Ah Foo (inspired)—Lats.

George H. Miller.

684 East One Hundred and Fifty-seventh street.

Some Very Stout Porter.



Gen. Butler trifles with Porter. Ha! ha! old man, you had better be more areful how you uncork it!
T. CABLYLE COMETARY.

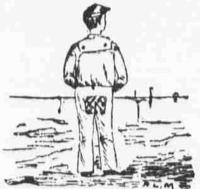
A Most Laconic Board.



Farmer-Say, sonny, what is this for ? Young America-Oh, dat's ter stop der

yaller fever.
Farmer—H'm. I've often heard of the Board of Health, but I never seed one before.
T. M. M., New Brunswick, N. J.

No Truth in the Old Saying.



Something new under the sun. A. L. MITCHELL, 21 West Forty-second street. A Distinction and a Difference.



Sergeant-You have missed every one of the rounds, Hennessy. Hen, -I know it, sorr. I can't see the tar-

Sergeant-How is that? Aren't you a tailor by trade?

Hen.—We don't have to thread needles at three hundred yards in our business.

PRIES McGowax, 92 Horatio stacet.

MANY SIDES OF CITY LIFE. ANOTHER POINT GAINED.

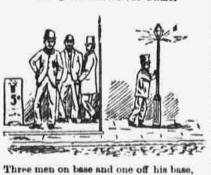


Captain-Let go that jib. Let go that jib,

Green Hand—Who in blazes is touching yer confounded old jib.
J. J. D., Brooklyn.

Here Is a Complete Novelette!

WILL MATHIERON. 412 West Thirty-third street.



DAVIDSON, 905 Gates avenue, Brooklyn. Write Your Own Sequel.



Handsome Photographer-How would you like to be taken. Miss?

Charming Subject—For better or for worse, WILL MATHERON, 412 West Thirty-third street.

RAILROADING IN CANADA.

interesting Experience of a Conductor is Running His Train Over the Snow.

I From the Denver Ness. 1 " I'll teli you a yarn," said a Canadian conluctor, "but you mustn't use my name, or the people down there would have my scaip, for it's pretty tough on their climate. It was down on the Grand Trunk, just outside of Montreal. There came a fearful fall of snow -there never was such a storm before nor since-and then there was a rain-storm, followed by a drop of about 60 degrees in the temperature. Talk about trains runningtemperature. Talk about trains running—why, trains couldn't walk, they couldn't stir, they were rooted. So 342 and 401 were ordered out with one of those big rain ploughs to tear all before them on the seven-mile branch running to Lachine, so that the suburban trains could be got out, any way, and bring in the fat old bankers and such who live there. The branch parallels the main line for a couple of miles after leaving the junction, and that is where the funny business comes in.

junction, and that is where the funny business comes in.

"We shoved along with our big plough without much trouble till we got at the junction, which is right at the city limits. We got our order for Lachine, though an order was very badly wanted, as there wasn't a wheel turning on the line. The night was as dark as pitch, and freezing—well, we could hear it freeze. The trees and the ponds of water, and everything were cracking from the frost. We got the switch pried open with a pinchbar, after thawing it out with bot water from the boiler, and it was no sooner over than the water froze it solid again. Out we started with a rush, and had no sooner got going than we brought up with a smash in a big drift. The snow under the crust was thin and powdery like flour. I suppose there was a cataract sent up out of that drift that looked like Niagara going upward. We hauled like Niagara going upward. We hauled back and socked it to the two old wood-

back and socked it is burners again.

"Well we got through that spot, but soon found that we were in for it. The whole line was buried and we had to keep up a continual slamming. The flying snow from the plough was blinding. When we stuck our plough was blinding. When we stuck our plough was blinding. was buried and we had to keep up a continual slamming. The flying snow from the plough was blinding. When we stuck our heads out they nearly froze and snapped off, and as we couldn't see anything anyway we stuck them out no more. We were braced in the caboose holding on to the bunks for another whack at a drift. Little by little we got up speed, bang, we struck, stopped for a second and then the whole affair gave a jump and tore ahead at fifty miles an hour.

"Hooray,' we yelled, 'bully for us,' Then there was a sort of jar and we tore shead through a foot or two of light snow, It was only a joke after all to clear that track. There was such a whirl of snow thrown up that nothing could be seen. Then we slowed up at a station and tumbled out. 'Lachine,' bellowed Dick Hayes, who was on 401, 'the old girl is immense on snow.' In we calloyed to the operator's. 401. 'the old girl is immense on snow.' In we galloped to the operator's. A new man

was in the office.
... 'Hello.' said he, 'where in blazes have you come from?'
'What's the matter with you?' we said,
'ain't you heard from the despatcher? The
wire must be down. Let's go and have a drink at Jim's,

''Jim's,' said he, 'you must be crazy,
there's no Jim's here. Do you know where
you are?"

you are?"
"Where we are; Lachine, of course.'
"You should have seen that fellow's face.
"You should have seen that fellow's face.'
"This is Vandreuli, you fools.'
"We collapsed. Do you know what we had done? We had jumped the rails at that drift, run on the crust of the snow for 100 yards and struck on the main line. That's the sort of fun we used to have in the sixties."

Hood's Saissaparilla 100 8980G rellociono

The Chief Reason for the great success of Hood's ally accomplishes all that is claimed for it. Prepared by C. '. Heed & Co., the Anothecaries, Lowell, Mass.

PEN AND INK PHOTOGRAPHS OF METRO-POLITAN HUMAN NATURE.

Johnny Kernell Makes a flit in an Entirely New Role.

champagne and he is to be found at any

public gathering where congregate the class

Everybody, or pretty much everybody. cnows Pfeffer. Pfeffer is the "promotor" of a brand of

of people who are inclined to "open wine."

He was conspicuous at the recent bicycle race, and while there became a victim to one of Manager Billy O'Brien's playful jokes.

Pfeffer is a wonder boy. He is astonished easily, and when one of Capt. Reilly's men on duty at the Garden pointed out a dapper and lively young man fitting hither and thither through the crowd in a new Spring suit and informed the great promoter that it was Mr. Kid Miller, bunco steerer and gentleman of leisure, the rotund Pfeffer followed him about with curious eyes. He made a study of him, for he had never before looked upon a real, live bunco steerer.

Suddenly Mr. Kid Miller turned, and on seeing Pfeffer he rushed at him with effusive friendliness, and, thrusting out his hand, declared that he (Pfeffer) was the man of all the world the sight of whom yielded the most delight to him.

'I don't know you," said Pfeffer, drawing himself up lottily and clasping his hands behind him.

'Why yes you do," responded the other with an injured air. 'Billy O'Brien intro. of people who are inclined to "open wine."

hind him.

"Why yes you do," responded the other with an injured air. "Billy O'Brien introduced us at—don't you remember—at—where was it? And I want to borrow \$5 till tomorrow. I'll give you my I. O. U. for \$6.50 for it. I'm duced sort, don't you know,"

"Now look here, Mr. Kid Miller," rejoined the lofty Mr. Pfeffer indignantly. "I know you for a bunco-steerer and a rascal, and if my friend Sergt, Schmittberger were here, I would have you put out of the Garden."

here, I would have you put out of the Garden."

Just at this moment the bluff Sergeant and Mr. O'Brien approached, and before Pfeffer could speak they had cordially and ceremoniously greeted the dapper young man in a new Spring suit, and he was relating a tale of how he had been grievously insulted by Mr. Pfeffer.

Pfeffer was profuse in his apologies when he learned that it was the genial John Kernell whom he had taken for Kid Miller, and it cost him a couple of quarts of his own "Sec" to get out of it.

An East Side Grecery Maguate's Queer

Bookkeeping. Over in Avenue B is an ancient who deals in groceries in a small way in a little 7 by 9 store. His name is Isaac Woodruff and he has been there these twenty years, and tradi-tion has it that he has accumulated a fortune He can neither read nor write, but he does

a large credit trade in a small way and his methods of bookkeeping are startlingly

methods of bookkeeping are startlingly novel.

He keeps the account of each customer in a separate book, and his neighbors say that his books are always correct to a farthing, and no body ever yet succeeded in cheating him out of a penny.

In the books purchases are recorded by a peculiar series of marks of varying lengths. Thus a dot indicates one cent; a very short perpendicular mark, five cents, a large one, 10 cents, and so on.

Being unable to write the name of the customers on the books, he places each by itself against or near to some fixed object.

For instance, Jobson's book is by the mustard can, Richas Roe's accounts are in the starch drawer, Samuel Soe's under the cheese box, and so on. Old Ike does a large business and there are no complaints of mistakes in his accounts.

Justice Tempered with Mercy and Leavened

takes in his accounts.

with Common Sense. Patrick Gavan Duffy tempers justice with nercy and there is a homely flavor of sound common sense in many of the sentences

common sense in many of the sentences which he imposes on the culprits haled before his magisterial bar.

This morning there shuffled along among the prisoners a colored man, whose misfit trousers showed a tendency to break acquaintance with his vest, and whose whole air was one of sullen dejection.

The line hitched slong as the leader was arraigned and disposed of, and at every hitch an snxious-eyed, worn-faced mulatto woman on the witness-bench showed stronger and stronger symptoms of nervousness and sgitation.

agitation.

Finally it was the sullen citizen from Thompson street at the head of the line, and when "Peter Jackson" was called by the little magistrate he slouched up to the rail and the tired little woman stepped up as a

and the fired little woman stepped up as a witness.

The Judge spoke to her kindly, and then sternly to the prisoner said: "Peter, your wife says you haven't worked in three weeks, have been drunk most of that time and have spent about all she could earn by washing in more drink."

The little woman nodded her head at each charge and looked anxiously at the prisoner. The prisoner only looked defiantly at the little Judge.

"I wouldn't mind, You' Honah, if he didn't spend the money I earn for the children." said the woman.

"How much money have you got, Peter?"

dren." said the woman.
"How much money have you got, Peter?"
demanded the Judge.
"Jes 30 cents, boss," replied the prisoner,
with a self-satisfied leer. "I want it, Peter, to buy potatoes," chimed in the wife.

Then the Judge said, in a voice of unmistakable import and a frown as black as mid-night: "Will you give her what money

night: "Will you give her what money you've got?"

"No, I won't. I'll give her nothin'," replied the prisoner, doggedly.

"Thirty days on the Island—take him away," ejaculated the Court, and as he wrote his autograph on the commitment he muttered: "If he'd shown a good disposition and given her that 30 cents I'd let him off with a warning. There's such a thing as being too stubborn with this Court. Next prisoner!" A Marble John L. Sullivan Idealized, Re

An Evening World reporter strayed into a downtown liquor store yesterday afternoon. He went there to catch a man who had just stepped across from some other store. His visit had nothing to do with getting a drink, He strolled into the back part of the room

fined and Classic.

where the bar was, thinking he would meet the gentleman he sought in that part of the establishment. There are nice little tables standing round, where people can sit very comfortably.

The reporter seated himself and as he looked up gave a start. On a pedestal in the middle of the rear part of the room was a man, a tall white man, very white indeed, so that he looked almost like a ghost, only that ghosts do not have the kind of a biceps that this fellow had.

He hadn't a stitch of clothing on him, and it was very exident that he was travellies.

that this fellow had.

He hadn't a stitch of clothing on him, and it was very evident that he was travelling on his shape. His hands were held up in that repelling way in which one likes to meet another in the circle where the Marquis of Queensberry is thought most of.

"What the dence is all that?" asked the reporter of the bartender.

"That's John L. Sullivan," replied the barkeeper as he rubbed a tumbler. "Ain't he dandy?"

He certainly was, at least as he stood there in cold white marble against a background of brown draperies. John has never been more perfectly knocked out than he has by the Moston sculptor who knocked him out of the marble in this shape.

The figure is of heroic size and the pose is a very natural one. There is little doubt but that the face is considerably idealized, as it is refined and classic, though stern. It is quite a surprise to the thirsty stranger who drops in for a cocktail to meet such a vision of beauty and strength and art. John is not the "bouncer" of this establishment.

Justice Duffy's Final Disposal of Autocrat Gerry's Case.

He Dismisses the Application for Alice Graham's Commitment.

Referee Rollin M. Morgan Expects to Hear Testimony Next Week.

The S. P. C. C. has received so many black eyes recently that it took Judge Duffy's undercut at Jefferson Market Police Court yesterday afternoon with comparative forti The magistrate had temporarily given little

Saturday and said he would finally decide the case after he found out what the Supreme Court meant to do about it. Neither Alice nor her mother went to Jeffer-

Alice Graham into her mother's keeping last

Court meant to do about it.

Neither Alice nor her mother went to Jefferson Market vesterday, but Assistant Supt. Stocking and Agent Burlando were floating around, looking anxiously after Mr. Gerry's interests, and seeking, if possible, to secure the further persecution of Mrs. Graham.

Judge Duffy, however, did not give them a chance to do anything, for when he had called the two officers of the Society before him he simply said:

"I understand that Judge Ingraham, of the Supreme Court, has ordered a referee to take testimony as to whether the mother or father should have the child. If therefore dismiss the case so far as this Court is concerned. The mother may have the child, and I trust she will show that she is the proper person to have charge of it in the future."

If is rumored that there is a possibility that the examination will not go on before the referee because the husband has such a weak case that even Mr. Gerry's Society, which is backing him up in the proceeding, is beginning to realize the folly of pressing his claims.

It was only a big bluff on Mr. Gerry's part when he at first found he had lost his case, and now that he sees how hasty he was in his advice to the father he is showing a disposition to back out from the extremely awkward situation in which he finds himself.

Graham has had all the opportunity he could desire within the last year to bring these proceedings against his wife, as he has been in this city repeatedly. But, knowing the weakness of his claims, he has preferred to annoy his wife in a mean and contemptible way by threatening to kidnap the child, thus keeping her in a state of continual alarm.

It is only the machinery of Mr. Gerry's

alarm.
It is only the machinery of Mr. Gerry's Society that has stiffened up his backbone temporarily.
Lawyer Abe Hummel denied this morning Lawyer Abe Hummel denied this morning that there was any intention on the part of Graham to abandon the proceedings which he had instituted. The latter went to Washington last night to procure evidence with which to fight the case.

Mr. Hummel said that the Washington courts made descrition a ground for absolute divorce, and that the custody of the child naturally belonged to the father under the circumstances.

circumstances.

Still, the fact that the mother had supported the child for the last six years while thad not received anything from the father. he thought, was a strong point in Mrs. Gra he thought, was a strong point in Mrs. Gra-ham's favor.

Referee Rollin M. Morgan, who was ap-pointed by Judge Ingraham to take testi-mony in the case, has not yet fixed any day for the first hearing, but he expects to take up and finish the case next week.

THE BARONESS BLANC.

A Pretty Blende Who Is Cutting a Dash in New York Seciety. ra Belle's Letter to the Philadelphia Press.]

At the theatres and in the Park a woman of blonde beauty has been attracting much attention throughout the season. She is the Baroness Blanc, well known in Philadelphia, and the very big and handsome young man who forms one of the large group of mascuwho forms one of the large group of masculines that is ever about the fair creature is
the husband, M. le Baron. Folks used to
doubt his right to the title, but that has been
settled. He is a real Baron. At the play the
Baroness is particularly conspicuous for her
exquirite toilets, each one of which figures
only upon a single occasion. She sits invariably in the front chair of a box, gazing
interestedly at the performance while the
curtain is up, and over the audience between
the acts.

A man of some sort is always whispering

curtain is up, and over the audience between the acts.

A man of some sort is always whispering into her ear. She smiles occasionally, and taps him with her fan when he is especially clever. The woman's face is not surprisingly beautiful. It is only striking because its complexion is somewhat heightened by rouge and the hair above it is bleached to a brilliant yellow. Her figure is slight and stylish and her costumes are unexceptionable. On pleasant afternoons the Baroness drives a pair of chestnut cobs in a phaeton out over the Park. At her feet lies a hugs mastiff. A groom perches behind her. Sometimes there is a man at her side. Everybody turns to look at her, for her hair gleams in the sun, her hat is a wonder of gorgeous millinery, and she handles her reins and whip like a thoroughbred. She always urges her ponies to a spanking gait and whirls by all the lumbering hacks and barouches on the road with a great showing of disdain and jingling harnesses.

In the theatree, the Park and caffs, the Baroness is ever brilliamt to the eye and undoubtedly depleting to the purse. She cuts the greatest dash of any young woman in New York, and besides enjoying all the extravagant embellishments that go with daily and nightly entertainment her establishment is noted for its luxury and prodigality. In her house on Fifth avenue the best of good cheer find generous dispensation.

In view of this, some one asked the question the other night of how M. le Baron, with an income that might supply his household with its orchids and gaalight, but nothing more of its richness, managed to keep such a bright eye and ruddy cheek over the dazzling life his wife is leading him through.

Such questions as these in New York are never squarely answered. A man of some sort is always whispering

His Good Idea.

The Postmaster-General-Mr. President, I have decided to introduce a new feature into the Post-Office Department. The President-That's good! What is it ? The Postmaster-General-A bargain counter for stamps, postal cards and stamped envelopes. The President—What will be the bargain prior

of 2-cent stamps?

The Postmaster-General—Twelve for a quar-ter. I tell you. there's nothing like putting business into such things! The Stupid Drummer. [From Texas Stylings.]
Member of Firm—How do you like the looks of the new drummer I have engaged?

Partner—To tell the truth, he looks awful

stupid.

That's his strong point. He has such a stupid look that the customers will give him orders out of pure sympathy. The Baggage-Smasher's Fate.

First Baggage-Smasher-Say, Jake, I'm think-

in' it 'ud be money in our pockets if we'd begin handlin' trunks more kearful.

Jake—Why wud it?

'Because the more we smash 'em the bigger and stronger and heavier they make 'em. I've struck three this mornin' made out o'reg'ar boiler iron. Me back's most broke."

The Blood Is Euriched



AGE CANNOT WITHER HER. remarked an old gentleman, as he gazed fondly upon the comely little woman by his side; "but frankly," he continued, "at one time I was afraid cosmetics would. The silly little woman, in order to appear youthful plastered her face with different varieties of whitewash, yelept balms, "creams, "lotions," I did, until my skin became like parchmens and so pimply and coarse. "Well, said the listener, "What do you use now?" "Ues," was the reply, "nothing but common sense told me that if my blood was and Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery. Common sense told me that if my blood was pure, liver active, appetite and digestion good, that the outward woman would take on the hue of health. The 'Discovery' did all those things and actually rejuvenated me." If you would possess a clear, beautiful complexion, free from blotches, pimples, cruptions, yellow spots and roughness, use the "Golden Medical Discovery." It is guaranteed to do all that it is claimed to, or money pasid for it will be promptly refunded.

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I. A LOCAL STORY BY NELLIS

The Boy Preacher. Clerical Man—Can I get a job to raise a little sligious enthusiasm in your church? Descon—Who are you?
'' I am a boy preacher."
'' What is your age?"
'' Sixty-five."
'' Tou won't do. We don't employ any boy preachers under seventy this year."

Boy (reading history)—Pa, are dishonest people still punished by the stocks ? Pa (who speculates a little)—Occasionally, my son, occasionally, down on Wall street. Wanted Him to Stay for Dinner

Once in a While.

'Well, Doctor, how did you enjoy your Afrian journey? How did you like the savages?" "Oh, they are very kind-hearted peoples they wanted to keep me there for dinner." A Change for the Better. G. -Fish is said to have been a model prison

while he was in jail. He never gave anybody Any trouble.

H. -Well, then, it wasn't such a had idea sending him to jail. He never made that kind of a citizen while he was outside.

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